

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS "I Serve"



WORLD GOOD WILL DAY

To be observed Monday, May 18, 1925

NO ACTION TAKEN by the World Conference on Education, held in San Francisco in 1923, was more significant than the setting aside of the anniversary of the first Hague Conference as a day when all our acts and studies should be related in some way to the larger problems of the world's good. Teachers may well look forward to a time when the day will be set aside by legislative bodies in all nations as a great holiday, to be observed not by ceasing our usual activities, but by relating them in a new way to the world's larger needs. Perhaps the time may come when every government in the world will proclaim this day in some such significant way as America now recognizes the Fourth of July and France the Fall of the Bastile.

It is the hope that on this day especially all schools in our lands will keep the idea of friendship and international co-operation in mind in all lessons which have to do with our national neighbors and in addition will emphasize the importance of good will and friendliness as the basis of mutual prosperity and happiness.

In the observance of World Good Will Day it is not intended that the regular lessons of the day be dispensed with. The celebration may take the form of special emphasis in connection with regular lessons, opening exercises, and special periods. Courtesy, helpfulness, justice, honor, kindness, charity, friendship, and good will should be emphasized throughout the day. Perhaps the most successful way to inculcate desired lessons is to provide a special program of songs, drills, pageants, recitations, essays, and descriptions of great characters. Children may well memorize such choice statements as the following by Bishop Oldham, of Albany, New York:

America First

NOT MERELY in matters material, but in things of the spirit.
Not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.
Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.
Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.
Not in splendid isolation, but in Christlike co-operation.
Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.
Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.



THIS IS ONE of a series of posters issued in color by the League of Red Cross Societies representing the work of the Junior Red Cross. The spirit of this organization, which now exists in forty countries in every part of the world, with a membership of ten million boys and girls, is exemplified in the words of a Hungarian girl, a member of the Hungarian Junior Red Cross:

*"It is our aim not to work with the passing enthusiasm of a fire of straw, but with the steady gleam of a sanctuary light. * * * We like to think of ourselves as the stone carriers in a great army of workers, building a temple of human love, but we believe that that temple will only fulfill its true destiny if its foundation stones are formed from love of one's own country."*

Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America. And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say, with all my heart and soul, "America First."

Thus through pageants, drills, songs, music, art, literature, geography, and other devices that will occur to every resourceful teacher, can there be prepared in the hearts of children the soil from which may grow a saner and more intelligent world order.

From the N. E. A. Journal.

Supplement to Junior Red Cross News

The Teacher's Page

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

WORLD GOOD WILL DAY (MAY 18)

THE April issue of *Progressive Education* (50 cents per copy; address, *Progressive Education Association*, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.) is given over entirely to the problem of education for international understanding. In addition to the articles, teachers are furnished a most valuable bibliography of plays, pageants, poems, and posters on the subject.

You will be especially interested in an article on *Education for World Understanding Through the Junior Red Cross*, by Mr. Arthur W. Dunn, National Director, because of the concreteness of his illustrations of the way in which world projects of the Junior Red Cross promote good will. "The several national Red Cross organizations and the League of Red Cross Societies in which these national organizations are federated afford a mechanism already set up and functioning for administering the exchange (of school correspondence) on a large scale with continuity, regularity and economy. . . . It is the sense of membership on the part of the correspondents in a common organization and of participation in a common program of service and good will that gives heart, soul and deep purpose to the correspondence such as would not inhere in a mere exchange of letters unsupported by this sense of solidarity." The way in which national prejudices are overcome, Mr. Dunn illustrates by quoting from a Czechoslovakian letter: "From Germany came to us the call of the suffering children for help, and so we did not mind what was in the depths of our souls from the days of the old hostility between Bohemia and Germany and we have done as the feelings of the human heart commanded us."

What more concrete example could there be of the thing for which Mr. Edward Yeomans pleads in his article, *The Undernourished Soul*, in the same issue, when he says, "Put a premium upon intelligence, but intelligence of heart first."

The problem as it applies to young children is treated in *Psychological Tendencies of the Pre-School Child and Its Relation to the New World Order*, by Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle. At the upper extreme of the educational ladder, the problem in its application to graduate university students is discussed in Stephen P. Duggan's article, *Envoy of Good Will*, in I. L. Kan-del's account of the *International Institute of Teachers College*, and in an announcement of a new School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University. "There can be few activities more calculated to help in the understanding of another people," says Professor Duggan, "than visits of fine representatives of their culture and civilization to our institutes of learning."

Practically all phases of education are considered. Dr. Augustus O. Thomas writes of the "Conception, Aims and Progress" of the World Conference on Education. Dr. Jordan's prize peace plan is reviewed. Mr. Dunn in his article tells of the way in which a typical international school correspondence project spread itself

into many subjects through the educative activities involved. The particular responsibility of the history teacher is stressed by Harry Elmer Barnes in *The New History and International Understanding* and by Donald R. Taft in *Historical Textbooks and International Differences*. In the latter article, a striking comparison is given through summary and quotation of the way in which French and German texts deal with the same historical subjects, tending to aggravate national antagonism. Professor Taft urges the examination of objective causes for disagreements instead of the stirring of personal antipathies. The more that children "can be led to hate evil conditions rather than evil nations, the greater will be the hope of world peace."

Two highly constructive articles are *America's Peace Adventure*, by Florence Brewer, and *Geography and the Higher Citizenship*, by J. Russell Smith. The first writer gives a readable and convenient résumé of facts, for the main part forgotten, about our traditions of leadership for world peace from the time of the first Congress, George Washington, and Samuel Adams, to the present. Professor Smith's article is similarly positive, filled with specific illustrations of opportunities which the geography teacher has at hand for leading children "to be mentally polite to other nations. . . . The commonest basis of human relationships outside of the family is the fellowship of common activities or interests. We get together as teachers, spectators or players of baseball, cards or golf, as breeders of bulldogs, chickens, as members of sewing societies, horticultural societies, labor unions, manufacturers' associations." This leads one to comment again upon the significance of Mr. Dunn's statement, quoted above, that international school correspondence is given "heart, soul and deep purpose" by the sense of participation in a common program of service and good will. Next to discovery of common purposes and likenesses, an understanding of the causes of differences is important. "If we know enough geography and enough history and enough human nature, we shall find that the foreigner is neither queer nor foolish, but that he has done very much as we would have done under the same circumstances."

The more constructive procedure seems to be that of constantly seeking to find common bases of understanding and sympathy. Cannot you make Good Will Day an opportunity to review with your Juniors all the points of contact discovered this year through their own school correspondence, through the stories, letters and articles of the *News*, and through the projects which they in common with children all over the world have carried on? Things to eat, games to play, lessons to study, holidays to enjoy, acts by which child expresses his love for child—as a consciousness of these becomes a part of the very life of boy and girl, may it not prove an effectual armor against contempt, intolerance, and hatred?

MAY, 1925

WE HOPE THAT YOU WILL HAVE A HAPPY VACATION!

The May News in the School

THIS number of the *News* and the May and June pages of the *Calendar* contain many suggestions for summer. Let each Junior make an individual "Service Book" or "Service Calendar" of those activities which he hopes to carry on during the summer. During vacation, he can check his own accomplishments by a service diary.

The Call of the Open Road, p. 131.
Vacation Plans, p. 138.
Flies and Wiggle-tails, pp. 140-141.

ANY correspondence received at National Headquarters by June 1 will be delivered in European schools before they close, August 1. Replies will then probably be received early in the fall. Schools in the Philippines, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and South America have only recently opened after their "summer vacation," and correspondence sent to these schools now will be answered during our vacation.

A LETTER from Dr. Karel Driml contains interesting facts about the marionette theater in Czechoslovakia: "The historical Czech puppet theater dates as far back as the period of the Kings of Bohemia. A quite new puppet theater has lately been created by

The Magic Key, p. 132.

Czech artists and writers, and educational organizations, associations and schools have begun to avail themselves of the puppet show. The Czechoslovak Republic, with her fourteen million inhabitants, counts at present two thousand permanent puppet theaters. In the State-wide Education Association, there is a special division for the puppet show. This year a special exhibition, combined with a study course for puppet-show workers, was visited by 10,000 people. At the impulse of the Ministry of Public Health, special plays about public health topics have been written. The Czechoslovak Red Cross makes these plays reach all classes of people."

THE Red Cross Librarian has prepared for us the following list of poems which have references to daisies: *To a Mountain Daisy*, Burns; *Aurora Leigh*, *Hector in the Garden*, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; *Daisies*, Bliss Carman; *Aella*, Thomas Chatterton; *The Legend of Good Women*, Chaucer; *Rain*, Margaret Deland; *The*

The Daisy in Literature, p. 135. *Flower and the Leaf*, Dryden; *Spring, Flowers for the Heart*, Ebenezer Elliott; *Daisies*, Dora Read Goodale; *Song, Flowers*, Thomas Hood; *Dominion*, Jean Ingelow; *Endymion*, Keats; *The Daisy*, Leyden; *The School*, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow; *The Message*, Owen Meredith; *L'Allegro, Comus*, Milton; *The Daisy*, Moir; *The Daisy in India*, *The Valentine Wreath*, Montgomery; *The New Pastoral*, Read; *The Sensitive Plant*, Shelley; *The Shepherd's Calendar*, Spencer; *Two Voices*, Maud, Tennyson; *To the Daisy*, Wordsworth.

Developing Calendar Activities

THE service program will have deeper significance if summarized in some objective way. A Junior Red Cross exhibit may be held before the close of school or an exhibit or demonstration planned for county teachers' institutes and meetings of boys' and girls' clubs during the summer. Duplicates of the portfolios sent to foreign schools, samples of production material and posters illustrating service projects are all suitable. Such material will also be welcomed by National and Branch offices for use as models. The children's own reports of their principal service projects for the year will be appreciated. The Junior Chairman of your local Red Cross Chapter will welcome your offer to furnish exhibition material for any of these purposes.

Carrying On

Let the class draw up recommendations about Junior activities for the incoming class of next year. If one class remains in the room it may be commissioned to start next year's program. Perhaps a group of pupils who will fail of promotion may be appointed to introduce incoming pupils to important Junior projects.

A class going on may likewise decide on certain projects to be continued in the new room. Perhaps committees may be appointed to be ready to take hold next fall. In this way, individual teachers will be partially relieved of the burden of follow-up and greater continuity will be possible.

"Send Your Last Portfolio and Handwork Promptly"

If for any reason correspondence intended for Europe cannot be forwarded by June 1, teachers should make sure that children understand it will not be delivered there until the reopening of schools in October, and that answers will probably not be received here until after Christmas, since there, as here, the first weeks are busy with getting the year's program under way. If this is understood, youngsters will make an effort to finish their own work earlier or will at least have no false hopes and resulting disappointments.

European boys and girls are as impatient as our own to know that their work has reached its destination safely. If a foreign portfolio is received too late to prepare more than a brief note of acknowledgment, make certain that this much is done.

The expectation of receiving or preparing a portfolio will help make the opening of school in the fall a joyous prospect.

Mother's Day

Juniors of the Livermore Union High School, California, compiled anthologies of favorite poems, which they dedicated to "Mother." From these individual anthologies each contributed the title he liked best, for a class anthology to be sent with school correspondence to Holland. The inscription reads: "The members of English 1, Section 1, lovingly dedicate this anthology of poems to the Mothers of Holland, in honor of Mother's Day."

THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

MARCH WINDS have swept the traces of winter from the forest; April rains have washed it clean; May suns have painted it a living green, and winds and rain and sun are calling you to come a-gypsying with them.

Do you love the great white roads that stream across the world, never hurrying, never pausing, crying: "Come see what lies beyond this curve!" then flaunting still other curves to draw you on? Pile into the family car, add all the things thought necessary for a month or more, contrive to leave behind two-thirds of these things, fill up the tank, and be off! All day you may race along, flashing by green fields and white orchards, creeping through sleepy villages (with wide-awake policemen!), stopping at pleasant farmhouses or quiet inns for the midday meal; when the world will seem strangely stationary and your legs will wobble a little when you stand on solid ground; then rushing onward again through the clear afternoon till body and soul are saturated with the sheer joy of rapid flight. At nightfall you will fall with drowsy content into your camp-cot or your bed beneath some hospitable wayside roof. And when you weary of just swift motion, the road presents endless scenes of beauty, a wondrous gallery of richly colored memory pictures for shut-in winter days.

Or if the call of the river flows always in your ears, fill a good watertight boat with a light camping outfit and embark on a Voyage of Adventure. Your days will be filled with interest: the thrill of the tautening fishline, the silver flash of leaping fish, the rippling swish of the water against your keel. You cast anchor (figuratively speaking) for the night in some sheltered cove and cook supper. No one has tasted fish who has not eaten them under the light of the stars, fresh from his own catching, crisp (even burnt!) from his own cooking. After a night of dreamless sleep, the early morning plunge into the cold, clear water—the plunge so

Jane Harvie

dreaded in your shivering preparation for it, so bracing in its glowing reaction, sends you forth again eager for new sights and sounds and food. The days slip by and you turn brown and hard and almost forget that you were ever a landsman.

But hardest of all to resist is the charm of the forest trails, those mysterious paths, begun no one knows when nor by whom, that wind in and out among the trees of the ancient wood. With your pack on your shoulders you hike along till the smothering roar of the city is left far behind; your feet pad softly on the springy ground; great green aisles of trees spread out on every side; and over all broods a deep silence. At first: but as you go on and on it becomes evident even to your noise-dulled ears that the forest silence is really made up of a myriad of forest noises—the rustle of leaves, the murmur of hidden streams, the twitter of wood-mice, the far-off tapping of a woodpecker, the scurrying of tiny furred feet. Your forest education has

begun, and every hour some new bird song will delight you, as the songster flits across your path. You begin to get acquainted with the fascinating woods-folk and their ways, although at the distance their timidity imposes. You will be scolded by chipmunks and squirrels, who may even rudely drop green fruits on your intrusive head. Perhaps, if your trail lies through a National Park, you may see a splendid deer silhouetted against the light. Round the evening



Denver Tourist Bureau

Children from six states play in Overland Park, Denver's municipal camping grounds, where 50,000 campers from all states registered in 1924

camp-fire you swap yarns and sizzling bacon sandwiches and on the pleasant tang of wood smoke drift into refreshing sleep. All through the night bright eyes peer inquisitively at your smouldering fire, furtive feet patter around your shoulder, and the wind goes singing through the trees its age-old forest lullaby.

So come! Forest or stream or open road—they await your choice. Each has its special appeal, all have the greatest of lures, the call of the outdoor world. Let's go!

THE MAGIC KEY

A PLAY FOR MARIONETTES

Editor's Note: This is a playlet to be acted by marionettes. The action is, therefore, very simple to keep within range of what marionettes can do.

The marionettes in this playlet were made by boys in the Rifugio Magetti, Rome, Italy.

Pantalon wears a Venetian mask. He is operated by the fingers on one hand.

Pierrot is composed of white jacket and white trousers, with a black mask. His feet and hands are lead. He is operated by threads.

Scapino is composed of white jacket and apron and blue-striped trousers. His feet and hands are lead. He is operated by threads.

These marionettes have resided at National Headquarters since their arrival from Rome three years ago. They welcome most enthusiastically this acting tour among American Juniors, made possible by their appearance in the May NEWS.

Characters: Signore Pantalon, Pierrot, his nephew; Scapino, his cook; Pulcinella, the magician; a Junior Red Cross Boy and Girl.

Scene: Pantalon's room in Venice. Very gloomy, with heavy curtains over window. Table, two chairs.

PANTALON (seated at table facing audience. He leans his head on his hand. Enter Pierrot, dancing): How can you dance when I am so unhappy, Pierrot?

PIERROT: I dance to try to make you cheerful, so please, dear uncle, don't be tearful.

PANTALON (waving his arms): There you go! Always rhyming! As if I didn't have troubles enough without having to listen to rhymes! And Scapino always talking backwards! Tell me, how long have I been looking for the Magic Key?

PIERROT: A year, I fear.

PANTALON: A year, and I haven't found it.

PIERROT: I'd give up, if 'twere me. You don't need the old Key.

PANTALON: Good gracious, have you lost your mind? You know that my cousin said his sister told him that

Ethel Blair Jordan

her stepfather mentioned that his niece remarked that her maid stated that her brother believed that the Magician Pulcinella's servant heard his master say that whoever found and used the Magic Key would discover a priceless treasure.

PIERROT: Of course, a story so direct is almost sure to be correct!

PANTALON: Of course. So I sent Scapino to Pulcinella to ask his advice, and he sent back word that the way to find the Key was this:

"Think more of yourself and less of your neighbors. Don't share your joys and don't help with their labors!"

(Enter Scapino, unobserved by the others. He hides behind curtain.)

PANTALON: You know I have followed that advice. I have shut myself away from everybody. I never go outside my house nor allow any visitors inside. But still I don't know where to look for the Key.

PIERROT: That advice—I've often wondered—could it be Scapino blundered?

PANTALON (shaking his head): No, no. He didn't begin talking queerly until a week after he came back from Pulcinella. He's too shrewd a fellow to blunder. No. We have sworn to wear masks until I find the Key, but I'm afraid we'll wear them a long time. Sometimes I want so much to go out into the garden again.

PIERROT: (stretching out his arms): Come, leave this dark and stagnant room, The springtime world is all a-bloom:

The wind-blown rosy blossoms fall On many an ancient palace wall: And Venice, lulled by silver streams, Lies dreaming still her age-long dreams.

(He moves to window and stands looking out.)

Oh lovely land of Italy,
The soul of beauty lives in thee:
A thousand poets tell thy stories,
A thousand artists paint thy glories.

(He turns again to his uncle and holds out his arms.)

Oh, leave these suffocating walls!
Come! Italy the Golden calls!



Pierrot

What do they want?

SCAPINO: Some prischief, mobably.

PANTALON: Probably some mischief, as you say. Send them away.

PIERROT: No, let me go. Scapino might be just a little impolite.

(Exit Pierrot.)

PANTALON: Scapino, I think I will stop looking for the Key.

SCAPINO: Oh, no, Signore. Signore Pierrot wants you to lop stooking?

PANTALON: Yes.

(Scapino whispers in his ear.)

PANTALON (leaping up): Pierrot wants the Magic Key for himself? Then that is why he is always begging me to give up the search. Oh, wicked boy!

(Enter Pierrot.)

PIERROT: Uncle, the boy and girl out there have come to free your mind from care. If you'll help them, they said to me, they'll help you find the Magic Key.

PANTALON: Pulcinella's message said, "Don't help with their labors." How dare you try to make me forget Pulcinella's message? Ingrate! You want the treasure yourself. Go! Never let me see your face again!

PIERROT: It is the wicked Scapino that makes you treat your nephew so.

(Exit Pierrot.)

SCAPINO: Shall I ling your brunch, Signore?

PANTALON: Yes, bring my lunch, but don't put so much olive oil as usual in the fig frappé, please. I don't suppose it would do any good to ask you not to put any.

(Exit Scapino. Pantalon leans his head on his hand. Enter Pulcinella through the curtain.)

PANTALON: Who are you?

PULCINELLA: Pulcinella.

PANTALON (folding his arms on the table and bowing his head on them): Yes, yes! It is true. I had forgotten how beautiful is the world! I will go.

(Enter Scapino from behind curtain.)

SCAPINO: Mood gorning, Signore!

PANTALON: Good morning, Scapino. I do wish you wouldn't mix up your words! What do you want?

SCAPINO: There are two dildren at your choor.

PANTALON: Two children at my door?

What do they want?

SCAPINO: Some prischief, mobably.

PANTALON: Probably some mischief, as you say. Send them away.

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PANTALON: Who are you?

PULCINELLA: Pulcinella.

PANTALON (bowing): Welcome! Please be seated. (Pulcinella sits down.)

PANTALON: I haven't found the Key.

PULCINELLA: You have not followed my advice. This was it,

"Think less of yourself and more of your neighbors. Share your joys with them and help with their labors." Yes, I know! Scapino turned the message backwards, and his guilty conscience has made him talk backwards ever since.

PANTALON (banging the table): Oh, the villain! Oh, my poor Pierrot!

PIERROT (entering): You see I did not wander far. I've brought the children. Here they are.

(Enter Junior Red Cross Boy and Girl.)

PANTALON (embracing Pierrot): Forgive me! (To the children): Welcome! Do let me help you! What can I do?

BOY: How would you like to go to America?

PANTALON: America? Why, that's thousands of miles away—inhabited by redskins and people who are foreign. Many of them can't even speak Italian!

(All the others laugh.)

GIRL (going to Pantalon): Dear Signore, forgive us for laughing, but it seems so funny to hear you talk of "foreign" America. Why, I have many dear friends there, and so has my brother. Though we have never been there, we know what they eat and what they wear and what they study and how they play.

PANTALON: You must be magicians!

GIRL: No, we belong to the Junior Red Cross, and through them American girls and boys write us all these interesting things, and we write them all about ourselves, and so, though our hands have never touched, our hearts have met. We are friends.

PANTALON: It is wonderful. What can I do?

GIRL: We thought Signore Pulcinella would change you and your servant and Pierrot into marionettes and then you could travel all over America and act plays for our friends there.

PANTALON (clasping his hands on his heart): Yes, yes! I have often felt I could act!

(Enter Scapino.)

PANTALON: Wretch, all is discovered!

(Scapino falls on his knees.)

PULCINELLA: Speak correctly, Scapino. I will remove the spell.

SCAPINO: Forgive me, dear Signore. But I knew the name of the treasure, though you do not. It is Happiness.



Scapino

(Continued on page 142)

THE FLOWERS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Hopefield School, Hopefield, Union of South Africa

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This delightful letter on "The Flowers of Our District" is from a portfolio received recently from Hopefield School, Hopefield, Union of South Africa. In the portfolio were several beautiful designs of pressed flowers. One of these is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is a glorious thing, isn't it, for Juniors the world around to share with one another the familiar beauty of their surroundings even to the flowers and plants with their color and fragrance.

THE FLOWERS OF OUR DISTRICT

ANY ONE who happens to visit our district during either summer, autumn or winter is generally told that the best time to come to this part of the world is springtime.

Then nature, the great beautifier, decks the whole district with lovely green grass and flowers of every description and hue. Painters try to reproduce the work of nature on their canvas; poets sing the praises of the South African veldt and flowers in spring, but one feels that no matter how hard these artists try they cannot do nature justice.

The blue skies above, the fields below, simply one mass of exquisite coloring, the bewitching scent of flowers and shrubs and the buzz of insects are enough to make one realize that he who has a chance to witness the beauty of spring in the Western Province of South Africa is, indeed, a favored person.

Those are the days when one feels like playing truant; like leaving everything to be done by itself, going into the fields and picking as many flowers as he wants, or just lying in the grass and enjoying the music, the fragrance and the beauty of nature.

One of the flowers belonging to the gladioli family is the Afrikander. It grows from a bulb and has a tall reed-like stem on which the bright pink flowers grow. It has a very strong scent.

The blue-lily, or pypie as it is called here, belongs to the same family. It is a daintier flower and the color of different blossoms ranges from a very pale blue to a deep mauve. These flowers grow very abundantly in sandy soil.

Other flowers belonging to the same family are the kalkoentjie, the kalossies, and the zuurknolle.

The daisy family gives us a very large variety. There cannot be a prettier sight than the large patches of marigolds to be seen in the springtime. Colors vary from white to the deepest orange. Their large black centers make them worthy of the name "Black-eyed-Susans." Children, coming home from school at twelve o'clock when every flower is looking its best, on looking at the sheets of white gousblomme with patches of orange in between, have often been heard saying:



Design of pressed flowers from Hopefield, Union of South Africa

"Just look how the little ones have spilt the pumpkin on mother's white tablecloth."

There is such a variety of color in vygies that they cannot be described. They are very delicate little flowers and wither very soon when picked. Some vygies grow on little bushes, but others grow low on the ground on a watery plant. Some are yellow with red centers, others yellow tipped with red with a large black cone center. Yellow edged with mauve, white with red mauve or salmon are some more of the colors to be found.

The nemesia grows from seed and has a cluster of small flowers at the top of a fairly tall thin stem. They grow in various shades of red and yellow. The seeds are scattered by the wind.

The lachenalia, or vijoooltjie, is another common flower of our district. It grows from a bulb and has a thick fleshy stem. Tiny tubular flowers are arranged on this stem from about the middle upwards. The full-grown flowers at the base are generally green or yellow, while the younger ones towards the apex are mauve. By rubbing the stems of these flowers together, they produce a screechy sound similar to the sound produced by a violin when the bow is moved lightly across the strings; hence the name "vijoooltjie," which means "violin."

These are only a few of the numerous specimens of wild flowers of our district, but time and space do not permit further description of the subject.

THE DAISY IN LITERATURE

Ruth Evelyn Henderson

ONE FINE SPRING DAY the spirits of all the poets went out in a field of daisies to play (or, if not quite all of the poets, at least a number of them; this is a make-believe story and not an exactly true one). "Heigh, ho! What a day!" said one poet. "Let us play the game of Calling Names."

There happened to be in this crowd of poets a school boy. He was a poet, too, as all school boys and school girls are, but he had not yet learned the poets' rules for the game of Calling Names. When boys and girls play it, the game is sometimes stupid or even unkind, but with the poets it has usually been an amiable and delightful sport.

"You play it this way," the spirit of the poet explained. "You look at something—for instance, one of these daisies, and then you think of other things it is like. Often you begin by saying, 'It is like,' but sometimes, to be brief, you merely say, 'It is.' Mr. Wordsworth can explain it more poetically than I."

"Speaking to the daisy," said Mr. Wordsworth—

*"Many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humor of the game,
While I am gazing."*

*"A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies dressed;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.*

*"A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy—
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over.
The shape will vanish—and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover."*

"Do you mean," asked the school boy hesitatingly, "the thing that grammars call Figures of Speech?"

"We can't be responsible for what the grammars call it," replied the spirit of the poet testily. "To us, this game is Calling Names. Now, we'll show you how, by playing the game with daisies. Mr. Wordsworth has had his turn; Mrs. Browning, you may go next. What do you think the daisy is like? The rest of us will take our turn. The school boy may be judge and



*"Many a fond and idle name I give to thee, for
praise or blame, as is the humor of the game"*

decide which one he thinks best. And for today, we'll say that poet wins."

So each spoke. When they had finished, the school boy decided which he liked most. But, unfortunately, the printer could not get all their lines nor the school boy's decision on this page. So you will have to finish the game and make the decision yourself. For today, we'll say that the one you like most wins.

MRS. BROWNING: Open pastures where you scarcely tell

White daisies from white dew.

SHELLEY: And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss
Were all paved with daisies.

BURNS: There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT: . . . Daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands.

MONTGOMERY: Daisies, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk.

THE CYCLONE

NANCY MORSE had just waked from her nap. Nancy was five years old and she took her nap every day without being told. Every evening when her father came home he asked her whether she had had a fine nap. If she had, he called her Bright Eyes and she was allowed to stay up after her supper long enough to have a wonderful romp.

Nancy's mother was dead, and she and her father had to be special company for each other. They loved each other a great deal, as all little girls and their fathers do, but even a little more, because they had only each other.

Nancy took a clean dress out of her bureau and got undressed for her bath. Five years old is quite young to take care of oneself in so many ways without ever being reminded, but Nancy had learned to be a very capable girl.

It was a hot afternoon. No breeze came in at the window. The leaves on the trees outside were as still as though they too were all taking afternoon naps.

"Wake up, sleepy heads," the little girl shouted at them, but not a leaf so much as whispered an answer. Perhaps the leaves thought it was night, for the sky was cloudy and the air was very dark. Nancy ran to get through with her bath before the rain should come, because she loved to watch the rain falling.

The air grew darker every minute. Finally she turned on the light. Before she had finished dressing, a little breeze came up. Suddenly she heard a strange noise—a sort of whistling sound that grew louder. Nancy was a brave girl and knew it was silly to be frightened by a storm, but she ran to the window to see whether the rain had started.

As she reached the window she heard a crash. Then somebody screamed. Down the street something very strange was happening. A queer-shaped cloud seemed to have dropped down out of the sky. It was a cyclone cloud, but Nancy had never seen one before.

She did not know just what happened after that. All she could remember afterwards was that she called out:

"Daddy, daddy!" The next minute the whole world

Ruth Evelyn Henderson

seemed whirling about her. She found herself down in the street, still undressed. She was not very much hurt, and she was trying hard to remember that it was silly to be frightened, and trying to keep from crying.

She started to run home, but could not find the way. Big trees were lying across the street. They looked as if some giant had pulled them up by the roots. She could not even tell whether she was near her own house, because all the houses looked the way her play houses of cards did when she puffed them over with her breath.

Men ran past her shouting. Women passed carrying little babies in their arms and hunting for other children they had lost.

After a while it began to grow really dark. The street lights did not come on, for the cyclone had blown the wires down. She could not keep from crying any longer, and when it became quite dark she cried out loud. Somebody came along carrying a lantern. Nancy ran to him and pulled his coat.

"Daddy!" Nancy called.

But it was not her daddy. The man with the lantern picked her up and carried her with one arm, swinging the lantern with the other.

At last they came to a place where there were many people all huddled together in the dark. They were near where the bridge had been, across the river, but



The Red Cross helped these children who could not find their parents after the Lorraine cyclone



Their house had been blown down

now the bridge was gone. The man handed Nancy to a woman in a blue uniform. The woman was a Red Cross Nurse.

"I want Daddy!" the little girl sobbed.

"There, Honey," the Red Cross Nurse said, "when Daddy comes he won't want to find you crying."

Nancy did not cry out loud any more. After a while she went to sleep on the ground, wrapped in a blanket.

Some time in the night the people all gave a shout, so loud that it woke the little girl up. A big boat was coming up the river. It was an excursion boat from Cleveland. Nancy had often ridden on it. The bright lights looked brighter than they ever had before, because no street lights were burning.

The boat brought doctors and medicine for the people who had been hurt. It brought things to eat and tents and cots and blankets.

The Red Cross Nurse carried Nancy on the boat and laid her in a chair, wrapped in her blanket; and she went to sleep again.

When she awoke, daylight was just coming. For a while she could not remember where she was or what had happened. Then she felt the boat moving and saw the tall buildings of Cleveland through the fog. Near her on the deck a tall man was giving orders about how to take the people, who had been hurt, off the boat when it landed.

Nancy slipped out of her blanket and ran across the deck to him. Putting her little arms around one of his legs she held on tight, looking up.

"Oh, you will find my Daddy for me, won't you?" she cried out.

The man picked her up in his arms.

"Do you know your name, little girl?" he asked.

"Of course," she said. "It is Nancy Morse."

"God helping me," the man promised, very soberly, "I will find your daddy for you before night, Nancy Morse." When the boat landed he carried her off in his own arms and sent her to his house.

The man's wife dressed her in the clothes of her own little girl and Nancy had a good laugh at herself because the clothes were too big. They gave her good things to eat and played games with her. Whenever she began to ask about her daddy, somebody started a new game. In the afternoon she asked to take her nap.

"Are you tired?" the lady asked.

"I must be ready to play with my daddy," said Nancy.

She slept longer than she usually did. As she woke up, she heard a voice call out,

"Oh you *did*, after all? I was so afraid—"

The voice of the man who had promised to find her father answered, and then she heard her daddy's own voice on the stairs. She sprang out of bed and went running straight into his arms. He held her very tight.

"Why, she's crying," the lady said in surprise. "And she's been so brave all day long."

She was crying because she was so happy.

After a while when she stopped crying, she told the man "Thank you" for finding her daddy.



Everybody was given the kind of help he needed

"It is the Red Cross you must say 'Thank You' to, little girl," he said.

The next day she found out that their house had been blown down. Many other people's houses had been blown down too.

The Red Cross was helping people to build new houses by lending them money. It helped Nancy and her father. Some people needed more help than they did. Some had been hurt and they were taken care of and were helped to get well. Everybody was given the kind of help he needed, and the people who needed it most were given most help.

"I love the big Red Cross!" Nancy said to her father.

"Do you love it because it is helping us to build our house again?" her father asked.

"Yes," replied Nancy. Then she pulled him down and gave him a "bear hug." "But I love it most," she said, "because it found me my daddy!"



The people who needed it most were given most help

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Director of Junior Red Cross Publications

EDITORIAL

VACATION PLANS

THE BELGIAN JUNIOR RED CROSS magazine for March contains these vacation suggestions:

For yourself:

During vacation help your parents as much as possible.
Instruct yourself, so that in going to the country you will
be able to understand the ways of Nature.
Love plants, flowers, trees, and beasts.
Admire the work of man in the country as in the city.
Take advantage of the vacation to put new covers on your
notebooks.
Put your little library in order.

For others:

Find out which organizations send children to pass their
vacations in the country.
Help these organizations.
Visit some of the vacation colonies.
Make the playgrounds known to those who are ignorant
of them.
Organize group visits to the museum.
Visit the monuments in your city.

American Juniors should be equally definite in their vacation plans. Summer reading should be selected thoughtfully and with all the assistance that can be secured from teachers and libraries. Good books carefully chosen and taken into camps or on trips become real companions. But one's own library should not be the only end in view. Books should be sent to summer camps for other children, or to hospitals. One group of New England Juniors last summer grew flowers for children in local hospitals during the summer months.

Plans for international school correspondence should be kept in mind during the summer. Summer vacation is a time of new experiences for most Juniors, a time of travel by automobile, or boat, or train. There are

trips afoot, toe, and hiking parties and outings. New places are visited, new acquaintances are made. A change from one's familiar surroundings is always interesting. It has its thrills and surprises, its newness and strangeness, its little adventures, and its run of unexpected happenings. But these new places have a way of becoming commonplace, too, after a while, and in this respect have little advantage over one's home surroundings. This explains why it is that when one returns home, familiar surroundings do not seem half so humdrum as they formerly did. Vacation, then, not only brings new experiences into one's life, but gives him new relish for what has seemed commonplace before. A better time could not be found for planning the contents of portfolios or at any rate for gathering personal contributions for them.

A SAFE VACATION

VACATION time is coming and soon the Juniors will desert their books and their schoolrooms, bid their teachers good-bye, and turn to the happy land of the great outdoors that they have gazed at so longingly from school windows all through the weeks of spring and early summer. For the Juniors it will mean weeks of play and fun in the open places in the bright sunlight with the promise of a cool swim after games. To mothers and fathers it may sometimes mean anxiety and fear for the safety of their boys and girls.

Suppose the Juniors make "Safety" their slogan for this summer. Many Juniors live in cities and in places where they have to play their games on the streets and highways or on vacant lots close to the street. They must not forget the menace of the swift automobile and the clanging street car when in the heat of the game they pursue a truant ball out on the roadway. Let them look before they follow.

The glorious sun is a warm, good friend all through vacation, but sometimes he becomes too warm. During midday and early afternoon Juniors should transfer their activities to the cool shade beneath the trees or to the shadow of a building. They should not play too long, or too hard, and thus invite heat prostration and its torturing headaches and tossing, sleepless nights.

We hope that every Junior in America swims or learns to swim this summer. What can compare to the sensation of slipping into the cool waters of a lake or stream and swimming off along its surface? The water is a very wonderful friend in summer, but it may be a very powerful enemy to those who are heedless of its dangers. Swim for health, safety and fun, but obey swimming laws. *Don't swim alone. Don't swim after eating. Don't swim if overheated.*

Juniors who play safe will return to school in the autumn healthy and happy and with all legs and arms present and accounted for.

CARROLL L. BRYANT,
Captain, Life Saving Corps.

PLAYING GAMES WITH JUNIORS

Stamp Collecting

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter will be thoroughly interesting to American Juniors who are collecting stamps. The letter is from the Reformed High Gymnasium, Kisujszallas, Hungary, and is addressed to the Austin H. Brown School No. 6, of Indianapolis, Indiana.

During vacation days Juniors will have a chance to acquire stamps by trading with friends met at camps or resorts. Acquaintances will be sending postcards and letters from which stamps should be saved. In the fall these may be brought back to school, sorted, classified, and included in portfolios to foreign correspondents, with a request that stamps from abroad be sent in return. Such an exchange may, we hope, become a vital and interesting part of international correspondence. Do your part to get ready for it.

Dear Fellow Juniors:

In this letter I should like to tell you something of our collection of postage stamps. There are very many of us in Hungary, as elsewhere in Europe, who are collecting stamps. Stamp collecting is much favored by the scholars of different schools who have plenty of opportunity for exchanging their treasures with each other, but generally they have not sufficient patience and so sell or otherwise get rid of their collections. Adults have most often more sense, so that some have collections of great value and interest.

I began collecting when a pupil of grade II, so that I was eleven years of age. There were six of us at that time, fellow-scholars. At present being a pupil of grade VIII, I alone have remained true to our once common interest. I do not know whether the youths of the States are interested in this hobby, as we have seen no signs of it yet.

Of course, it is only worth while collecting if one has sufficient connections abroad to be able to effect exchanges. I have managed to secure such connections in the neighboring States that I have among my

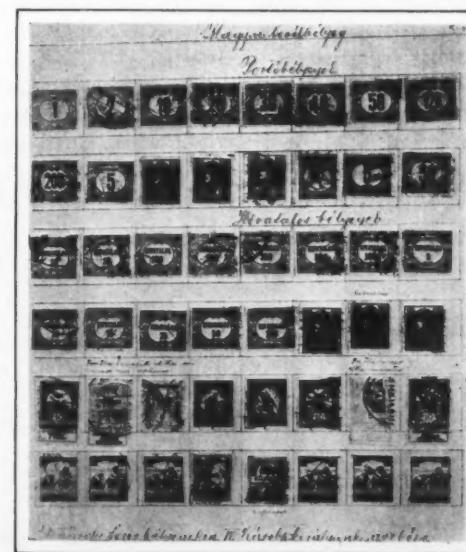


*In a portfolio from Ecole Moyenne, Liege, Belgium,
addressed to the Lincoln School, Red Lodge, Montana*

German stamps, for instance, a few stamps which the "Schenk-Michel" catalog for 1924 has declared scarce, although edited in the year 1923.

Our philatelists follow different objects. Some collect purely Hungarian stamps. This is very interesting, as there are many various kinds of Hungarian stamps, and to make a collection of them perfect gives much trouble and takes much time. Then there are some who collect European stamps and some who collect the postage stamps of every part of the world. This, of course, demands even more knowledge and is most expensive, and without numerous acquaintances scarcely to be realized in a small town. Of course, in towns where there are stamp exchanges it is much more easy.

If any of you are interested in stamps tell us so in your next school correspondence letter. We shall then send a Hungarian collection which I am sure will please, and perhaps help to arouse some interest in this beautiful country of ours which is so little known abroad.



*From the Reformed High Gymnasium, Kisujszallas, Hungary,
to the Austin H. Brown School No. 6, Indianapolis, Indiana*

The illustrations given here show typical pages from the albums of your friends in Belgium and Hungary. How do you think your collection compares with theirs?

WANTED, A SUMMER RESORT FOR FLIES

MRS. FLY lighted on the screen of the dining-room of Betty and Tommy Brown's house. With her was her husband, Mr. Fly.

"This is no place for us, Mr. Fly," she said. "In fact, I shan't feel really safe until I'm miles away from it."

"Too bad," buzzed Mr. Fly consolingly. "It used to be one of the best places around to summer in, but like lots of things in life it changes as the years go by."

"And for the worst, my dear, for the worst," shrilled Mrs. Fly. "My father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother, in fact, my ancestors for genera-

tions, have spent their summers at this place. The food was famous and so open and free! Everything that could make a fly comfortable was to be had here. But alas, now! I can't find a single good spot to rest in,

to say nothing of bringing up one's family. The doors and windows are all properly screened. There seem to be strong objections to flies as tourists and boarders. The old attractions have disappeared. The garbage pail has a cover on it; the old manure pile by the barn has gone, and the tin cans which used to be heaped so invitingly behind the garage have all been carted away. And food is as difficult to find as the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Everything edible is put away and covered up. It's the stingiest resort I've ever been in. The long and short of it is—this is no place for us. Do you remember those precious children, Betty and Tommy Brown, whose noses we used to tickle so many times a day. Well, they've grown up enough now to join the Junior Red Cross and they're on the war path every minute."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Fly anxiously.

"I mean," and here Mrs. Fly lowered her voice to almost a whisper, "they always have a fly swatter in their hands."

"Ugh!" shuddered Mr. Fly. "Now I can see that your objections to this place are well founded."

"But that isn't the worst," said Mrs. Fly, "they keep a score of the members of our family they kill. It is posted on

By Louise Franklin Bache

the garage door. I almost fainted when I saw it."

Mr. Fly beat a tattoo with his wings on the window-pane. "If things keep on at this rate," he said, and his voice was husky with pent-up emotion, "I don't know what we flies are going to do for our summer amusements. It makes one long for the good old days when we had things all our own way. Do you remember, Mrs. Fly, how we used to take the Germ family 'joy riding'? Why, there's hardly a disease I haven't been chauffeur for—Typhoid Fever, Cholera, Tuberculosis, and a lot of others which make trouble for our enemies—men. But, alas, as I said before, times have changed, and not for the best so far as flies are concerned."

"Hark!" said Mrs. Fly in trembling voice, "hear that awful sound!"

'Kill a fly in spring, you've done a splendid thing.
Kill a fly in May, you've kept thousands away.
Kill a fly in June, they'll be scarcer soon.
Kill one in July, you've killed just one fly.'

It was Tommy Brown. As he sang he swung his fly swatter with skillful aim. "Got to hurry up," he called to Betty who was back of him. "Only a little over a week in May left and we must put our time to good use."

"I've killed fifty already," called out Betty.

"I've sent sixty-five to the Happy Hunting Ground," boasted Tommy Brown.

"There goes my fifty-first," called out Betty Brown as she whacked another victim. "There's another little critter which can't wipe his germy feet in our sugar bowl any longer, nor go snowshoeing over the icing on our chocolate cake, nor take his morning dip in our glasses of milk, nor fetch us any of those horrid diseases. Now for the next—" Betty ran towards the window where Mr. and Mrs. Fly were standing, their eyes bulging, their mouths open, in horror.

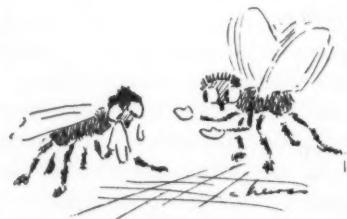
"Fly, Mrs. Fly, and fly quickly!" cried her husband.

"But where shall we go?" wailed poor Mrs. Fly.

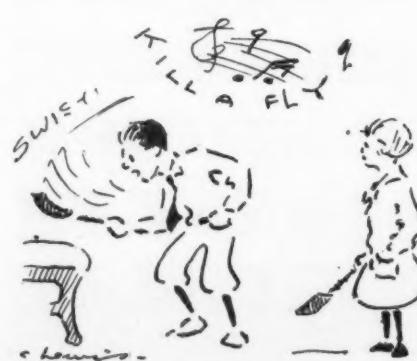
"Any place but here," called Mr. Fly in his terror.



"Snowshoeing over the icing"



"Fly, Mrs. Fly, and fly quickly"



"'Got to hurry up,' he called to Betty who was back of him"

THE SAD STORY OF THE WIGGLE-TAILS

MR. MOSQUITO By Louise Franklin Bache

lighted on a tomato

can half filled with water, in the yard of the house next to Betty and Tommy Brown's. "Here's a good place to spend the summer," he radioed to Mrs. Mosquito. "All the comforts of a first-class resort. You couldn't find a better place or a more healthy one to bring up a family."

Mrs. Mosquito lighted near her husband. She had looked the ground over carefully. "You are right, my dear," she said, "as you usually are. I have been examining the premises, and I must say it surpasses my anticipations. There's a splendid open cistern attached to the house which would make a fine nursery

for our children. There's a barrel of water on the left side of the barn which offers ample quarters for some of our friends. It is just as though the place was built for us. I can see the eggs on the surface of the water now. Only a day or two to wait and out of them will come our precious little wig-

glers. Eight or nine days in these splendidly equipped nurseries and they will have grown up into fine looking mosquitoes. Then in turn they will find this a splendid place for nurseries of their own. Before the summer is over with, we'll have a summer colony of mosquitoes which will be famous for miles around."

"The only thing that worries me," said Mr. Mosquito, who was of a very thoughtful nature, "is the shortness of the summer. Cold weather comes too soon in this climate to suit me. I don't know why our ancestors picked a northern clime. The members of our family in the South live the whole year 'round and lay eggs and increase in goodly numbers. There are splendid places in the South, too, to live in.

"But alas," spoke up Mrs. Mosquito, "representatives from both the Malaria and the Yellow Fever families say today that things aren't what they used to be in the South. And their fate, ah, my dear, it is a sad one!" She stopped to wipe a tear from

one eye! "The ponds and swamps, the old homes of so many fine families, are now drained. If they can't be drained, 'cannibal' fish are being put in them who eat the precious little mosquitoes as soon as they come out of their eggs. If man doesn't play this cruel trick, he has still a worse one up his sleeve. He pours crude oil or kerosene on the surface of the water. This prevents our babies from getting air to breathe and they smother to death—the blessed biting darlings." Mrs. Mosquito began to weep bitterly and could not go on with her tale. Mr. Mosquito fanned her with his wings and droned his consolation. "If things were only as they used to be," sobbed Mrs. Mosquito. "If the world was only rid of screen doors and human beings going around with all sorts of wicked schemes for making our lives unhappy, what a wonderful place it would be."

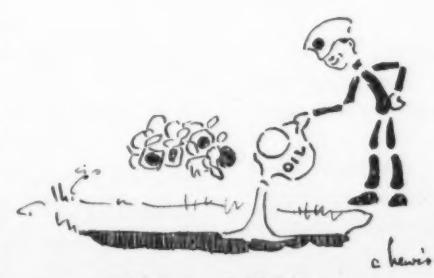
"A beautiful world!" said Mr. Mosquito savagely. "I'd like to fly into every house I knew and bite the people and fetch the disease germs with me to help me in my fight. Oh, if things were only as they used to be we could kill human beings by the thousands instead of having them kill us."

"Next door," said Mrs. Mosquito, pointing a leg in a tragic way, "in that spick and span cleaned-up house and grounds, live two awful children named Betty and Tommy Brown. They belong to the Junior Red Cross and they've been studying a wicked subject called 'Health,' in school. The schemes they think of to make life uncomfortable for insects give me a nightmare. I met Mr. and Mrs. Fly on my way here, and they told me to stay clear of their home."

"It's a good thing," said Mr. Mosquito, and he shuddered as he looked at the house of the Brown's, "that there is a fence between the places."

"What's that dreadful sound?" asked Mrs. Mosquito nervously.

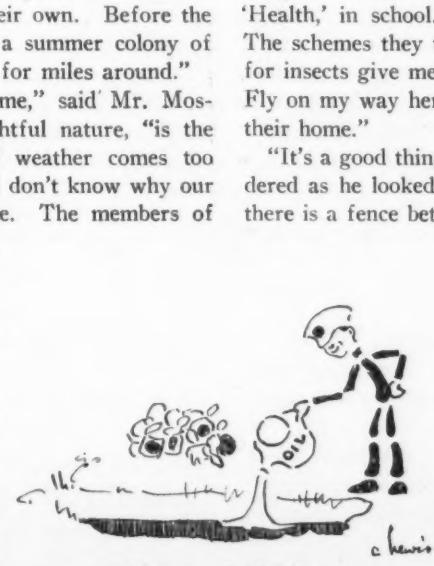
"It's those awful children next door," said Mr. Mosquito, running up the tomato can on tiptoe in order to get a better view. "They are telling children over here what to do to keep mosquitoes from parking on their premises. Oh, oh, oh, the awful things they are saying! Let's be off at once. This is no place to rear our precious wiggle-tails."



"He pours crude oil or kerosene on the surface of the water"



"Let's begin at once, my dear"



AT HOME WITH THE JUNIORS

FROM A DETROIT school paper: "Wanted—*At once!* All boys and girls who have two hands, two feet and two eyes! Children smart enough to earn 2 cents! It must be earned, not asked for! The next time you pass a candy store just keep on going past. It would be fatal if you stopped to look in. Do you know what 2 cents could do? By giving it to your teacher you can become a knight of the Junior Red Cross. We hope to be able to get fifty Junior magazines for our school every month. A banner will be given to the first room in this school which will be 100 per cent in this drive. Let's go!"

ONE OF THE fine things about the Junior Red Cross is that it finds its way into the most remote and most disadvantaged communities. How it may serve in such cases is illustrated in the following report of two isolated rural schools:

"One of these schools is fifteen miles from the nearest settlement, which has but four houses and a general store in which is located the post office. The school is at least two miles back from the road amid surrounding hills and bluffs; the children come five and six miles to attend. No house in the neighboring country has ever received a coat of paint, heat is supplied from open fireplaces, and water is supplied from a general artesian well and is stored in barrels on back porches. The school is also used as a church. It has benches rather than seats; the teacher's desk is made of packing boxes; the only thing in the way of decoration is a torn and soiled flag over the teacher's desk. Wolves sometimes disturb the children at work.

"The other school is in much the same type community, fifty-one children attending from great distances round about. Both of these schools are to organize a Junior Red Cross. The children are to form a council and each is to bring a penny toward subscription to the JUNIOR NEWS. The program is to be developed around their own districts. Lying in the thick of woods, during early spring the children are to press



Under the bough of a North Carolina pine

and write about their native flowers. They are also to study their own wild animals, and these two studies will form a basis for later work in inter-school correspondence. Some of the suggestions as to beautifying the schoolroom will be followed and health work will be stressed. The Junior Red Cross Calendar will be a great joy to the children."

The Magic Key

(Continued from page 133)

PANTALON: The greatest of treasures? Well?

SCAPINO: Well, I knew that if the Magic Key brought you happiness we must part. Nobody could be happy with me for his cook!

PANTALON: It is true. Pepper in the bread, oil in the ices, and butter in the coffee, no doubt!

GIRL: I'll teach him to cook if he wants to go to America.

SCAPINO: Heaven bless you, Signorina! I will gladly go.

PANTALON (sighing): We will forget the Magic Key.

Boy (holding out a large silver key): We have brought it to you to keep as long as you like.

(Pierrot pulls aside curtain, letting in sunlight.)

PANTALON: Oh, happiness is mine already! But what's written on the Key?

Boy: The name of the Magic Key—Friendship.

CURTAIN

JUNIORS ABROAD

THE CZECHOSLOVAK Junior Red Cross at a meeting held last year adopted the following resolutions:

"We of the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross desire to give strict attention to cleanliness, realizing as we do that cleanliness is the half of health. We wish to prevent disease by anticipation and to keep in sound health. We want to be as much as possible in the fresh air and sunshine, to harden and to exercise our bodies.

"We want to maintain to the best of our powers perfect cleanliness in our classrooms. From our Junior fund we supply soap and towels, or, before lessons begin, we change our shoes and put on slippers, thus keeping the classroom free from dust and mud. Where necessary, we have 'health monitors' who are elected to oversee our cleanliness activity.

"We want every school to have its own playground, and we know that the Juniors will be able by their own efforts to bring this about.

"Out in the country our members can devote themselves to learning about and collecting medicinal herbs.

"We want every school to have its own garden. We shall grow flowers there with which to decorate the windows of our class-rooms. We shall grow vegetables and fruit to make our food more nutritive. We shall plant trees along the roadways and on waste pieces of ground. Let each Junior take upon himself the task of planting one tree. This would result in 250,000 trees adding their pleasant green to our landscapes.

"Let us also cultivate in our gardens flowers for the production of seed so that we can assist poor schools in their gardening by making them presents of seed with which to commence their efforts.

"The Juniors also give due heed to the tidiness and artistic arrangement of the surroundings of their school and community. Wherever there are Juniors, let there be cleanliness, health, and beauty."

IT IS SAID that of all the institutions established in Czechoslovakia since the revolution, the Czech Junior Red Cross is the only one that has united all the children of the four nationalities living in Bratislava in real fraternal cooperation in a spirit of tolerance and charity and has thus proved itself a genuine international humanitarian institution.

The Czech Junior Red Cross has more than 5,000 Magyar members in Slovakia. For the benefit of these members, who have their own language, a supplement to the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross monthly has been issued in the Magyar language. It is called "Radost," which means "Joy." It was so named because, as the report states, "It was with great joy, therefore, that we welcomed the idea of publishing a Magyar supplement." The preparation of the supplement seems to be a school exercise, for the report states that "every month we receive from the Slovak Division of the Red Cross an early proof of the monthly, which is marked to show what items should be translated for the Magyar supplement. The work of translation we then do under the guidance of our teachers and afterwards we also make the corrections of the proofs." This work is done by Juniors in the State Modern School at Bratislava.

IN SOME DISTRICTS of Poland prices are so high that parents hesitate to send their children to have their hair cut. In order to avoid this expense, the Juniors have started barber shops in their schools where the most handy boys trim the heads of their comrades for the trifling sum of 100 marks, which is considerably less than the amount charged by professional barbers.



Members of the Junior Red Cross in an Infant Home in Estonia

AN INTERESTING exchange of correspondence has been going on between the Hawaiian Islands and the native children of Alaska. The Alaskan children sent to Hawaii letters in handmade envelopes, each bearing a tiny black cut-out of Alaskan animals, and several larger ones illustrating sealing, bear-hunting, and other activities. There is one delightful chart with two black seals under which is written:

"I am a seal. They make moccasins out of me. I eat fish and herring. I sleep on the rocks. I go north in the summer."

Another writes:

"I like the children of Hawaii. Let's be friends."

THE Junior Red Cross movement has been started in Switzerland with the organization of a Junior Branch in the Geneva Canton Section.

The first Junior Red Cross Unit has just been organized in Mexico, in San Luis Potosi.



WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

From A Boy's Song by James Hogg

